CULMERS CROWN

Crackt with his own

LOOKING-GLASS;

OR,

The Cockt-combs LOOKING-GLASSE

Broken about his ears.

AND

A *Counter-mirror* held forth to all good People, for their undeceiving in the pretented sufferings of that Pseudo-Martyr, and grand Impostor of this age, *Blew Dick* of *Thanet*.

Reflecting from certain pertinent *Observations* upon an impertinent, false and frivolous *Apology* of his ascribed to his more ingenuous son, but scribled by his most ignominious self.

Wherein especially,

All the world may see the ugly face of that prodigious Monster; and consequently, what a woful exchange the good, but unfortunate, men of *Mynster* have made, of a *Doctor* for a *Dunce*, of a *learned Divine* for *a leaden Dick*, of a *reverend Pastor* for a *ravenous Persecutor*: in a word, of a *Casaubon* for a *Culmer*; names, for the merit of the one, and demerit of the other, as diametrically opposite as *Fame* and *Infamy*.

Published

By a true son of that worthy Doctor, one of his Parishioners, in vindication of himself, his dear brethren, and their reverend ghostly Father, from the false aspersions, and malicious defamations of that common Oppressor of them all: who pretending to write a *Martyrologie*, tells a tale of a TURD, and wrapping it up in a Legend of lies, forgeries, and other base trumpery, (to say nothing here of his SHITTEN STYLE) thinks it a fit Present for an honourable Colonel; who judging it fitter for a PRIVY then a publick use, or rather of no use but in a case of NECESSITY, hath sent it to Goldfinders Hall, there to serve for an Ani-tergium when NEED requires.

The case is alTURD then: what Dick *design'd*
To stand and serve in Front, is clapp't behind.
What Dick *thought worthy of a Son of* Mars,
Scarce worthy most men think to wipe his A—
Whilst all conclude that none but Fooles and Asses
Will value such a Woodcocks Looking-glasses.

Culmers Parish-Looking glass, p. 22.

No Knave to the pretended Religious Knave.

1657.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

MY first entertainment of thee must be with an Apology for not keeping my word with thee in the precedent Title-page, where I promised to play the Observator upon Blew Dicks Looking-glass. Seriously what I so promised, I then really intended, but upon second thoughts, and by some inducements not much material to be specified, my mind is somewhat altered. Not but that I still intend to be an Observator, but rather on his Life, then on his Looking glass: by the help, and after the method of the latter, observing the most remarkable passages of the former. So that upon the matter, the cloaths are not so much altered, as the dressing, the matter, as the form. And this premised, I shall stay thee no longer in the porch, but in hope of thy courteous pardon for this little receding from the first design, I shall present my self, and what I have to say unto thee under this ensuing Title.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dick

DICK CULMERS Life DISCOVERED (Chiefly) by his own LOOKING-GLASSE.

TO the ſhame and diſhonor of his native ſoil, never before tainted either with producing or harbouring any venemous or noiſome creature; He was born and bred (at *Dunſ-acre*) in the Iſle of *Thanet*: from whence, after ſome notable exploits conſtrued by his fond and partial parents for early Omens of his innate wit, and good prognoſticks of an ingenious head-piece, (ſuch as his new-found way for deſcending the Cliffs to catch Jackdaws by the help of a rope faſtened to his Fathers Cows horns:) he is tranſplanted into the Continent: and, that art might improve nature, ſent to *Canterbury School*, where though under *the King of School-maſters*, (pag. 3.) ſuch a Block-head he proves, that he quickly diſappoints his friends, and diſcredits his Maſter.

His birth-place, and pranks there.

His behaviour at School.

Ex omni ligno non fit Mercurius, is an old saying, which our *Dick* at once both revives and verifies by his non-proficiency. *Senior* happily (as he pretends) he was, that is, *Senior Dunce* of all the School. To give him his full due, we will grant him famous too, right famous indeed (not to mention here his many rakehelly pranks usually chastised with a swinging-rod provided for the nonce, and called by his name) for a bloody persecution which the Fox escaped by burrowing in a bench-hole, retaining to this day the name of *Culmers* hole *.

* See the Antidote, p. 3.

2. He doth very well to commend his Master, but it were better (for his own credit) that his Master, if alive, had less cause to discommend him. Under him indeed, though not from him, he made a beginning with some proficiency in his laudable, liberal Arts of *Swimming*, *Thieving*, *Cuffing*, *Footbal-playing*, &c. which afterwards he prosecuted, perfected, and became Master (or, if you will Doctor) of at *Cambridge*; where having gotten his bag fuller of stollen Wheat * then his brain of solid wit, after a notable escape from a second bloody persecution by the hand of the Butler in *Magdalen* Colledge cellar, for playing the thief, he is lookt upon as a great shame to the place: and least his continuance there might occasion too great a flux of tears from that mournful Saints eyes, expelled the Colledge; who, after some vagaries, plants himself at *Goodneſtone* (p. 3.) where falling to the exercise of his pretious gifts, he breaks the Laws of Hospitality, playes the perfidious gueſt,

At the University.

* See the Antidote, p. 6.

At *Goodneſto.*

gueſt, and turns Traytor to his Hoſt, upon pretence of love to his Prince, putting fair for the life of his Pariſhioner *, p. 7.

* See the Antidote, p. 17. &c

3. Soon after being caſhiered thence, (whither though the name he brought were bad enough, yet, as at all removes, he left a worſe behinde him:) he goes a *Bulling* * to *Herbaldown*, and there bellowing it out a while, he findes himſelf ere long eclipſed by the more illuſtrious Cathedraliſts, his neer neighbours. Wherefore having gotten (what he long wiſhed and watched for) an opportunity for revenge, he bruſels up to them, and as if now he would ſcratch out their eyes, who would once have well ſcourged his breech; under a pretence of letting in new lights, he falls (like one fitter indeed to make a Threſher then a Scholar) to threſhing down the old, (p. 5.) their much admired, but ſince the Reformation, never until then abuſed windows. And, to clear the place of all monuments of ſuperſtition, down go Crowned Kings for Canonized Saints: and, to ſhew whoſe ſon he was, he knocks down *Chriſt*, and ſpares the *Devil*. Nor ſtayes he there, but (that all might dance after his own pipe) his next care is to break the *Organs*: and carrying them in a triumphant bravado up into the high Steeple, he there proclaims his much higher valour in the conqueſt, both of them, and thoſe whoſe of right they were, by ſetting them (more like a ſcoffing *Lucian* then a ſober *Chriſtian*) to the tune of a ſcurrilous and a louſie catch. In fine, he makes ſuch a foul work all the Church over, (for which

*See the ſame, p. 10.

His plundering the Cathedral.

which nothing more ſure then that his name will ſtink to all poſterity,) that for want of fair water, he is fain to uſe foul, turning that beaſtly Cock in his own ſtinking Cod-piece, for water to lay the duſt. From what time no marvel if *perſecutions* abide him, the very Heathens obſerving a curſe due to that wretch that ſhould *mingere in patrios cineres*, dare to play the beaſt, and piſs upon the ſacred aſhes of his Anceſtors.

4. By the way, here I expected ſome touch at leaſt of a perſecution betiding him in theſe his Cathedral actings. For a young Gentleman of the City obſerving from without, his wilde and outragious zeal within, in making ſuch havock of the goodly windows upon the account of Idolatry, and coming up towards him, Ironically falls to applauding of the action, calling to him, and telling him it was a very good work, and that he would join with him in it and help him. And thereupon catching up a good thumping ſtone, takes his aim at the place where the Pike-man was ſtanding, mounted on his *Haman* like ladder: and intending it not at the glaſs but the glaſs-breaker, throws it with all the power he could, and had not ſome iron bars interpoſed between his pate and the ſtone, it had done ſuch execution as would have quite marred his making of *Looking-glaſſes*, & put an end, if not to the work, yet to the workman, by daſhing out thoſe little brains he had; who therefore me thinks ſhould not have omitted this out of his Perſecution-legend. But will you know the reaſon? the Gentleman is yet a-

Mr. P.E.

live,

live, and no way (as you must believe his other Persecutors are, *eo nomine*;) become a signal example of divine vengeance. He is not indeed, but one that possibly (and not improbably) may live to see the Cathedral Thresher, who was so nimble to run up the ladder here, as willing to come down another elsewhere, which (alas) he cannot do without breaking his neck; it being such a scurvy kind of ladder as will admit of no descent but by a rope with such a hampering noose, that (if it be not misplaced, as in this action it was) will neither suffer his advance to heaven, nor his retreat to earth, but take him short of both, as unworthy of either, and only fit to be hanged up as a PARISH LOOKING-GLASSE FOR PLUNDERERS OF MINSTERS.

5. But to go on with our story, the late eclipsed Worthy by this time having gotten together a sufficient stock of merit, and scorning therefore any longer to serve as a Journey-man, who had now so well deserved to set up for himself, he leaves his Curate-ship at *Herbaldown*, and because others will not prefer him, he will prefer himself. Like a covetous *Ahab* then envying his neighbour *Naboth* a better Vineyard then his own, he confidently thrusts his sickle into a much worthier mans harvest at St. *Stephens* *: whence being ready (as once that Martyr, but in a better cause) to be stoned for his pains, by the inraged Parishioners, sensible of their true Pastors oppression: and after a repulse (p. 9.) first at *Cartham*, and afterwards at *Ickham*, (for the

His intrusion at St. *Stephens*.

*See the same Antidote, p. 13

the Devil himſelf is not more unwelcome every where) he makes towards his own beloved Home-ſtal, and pitching upon *Mynſter*, as a fit, becauſe a fat morſel for his infatuate maw, he employes all the arts he was Maſter of, in ſupplanting and pulling down an eminent Doctor for implanting and ſetting up that excellent Dunce himſelf, (p. 10.) And not ſatisfied with his perſecution of the Shepherd, unleſs he may alſo prey upon the Sheep, (whom he findes averſe to ſuch a wretched exchange, and very deſirous to caſt ſuch a rider as gets up into the ſaddle on the wrong ſide;) he throws off his viſard, and plainly ſhews that he ſought not them but theirs, not the Flock but the Fleece: that by the ſaving of their ſouls he meant the gaining of their Tithes, not caring ſo much to reform their lives, as to improve his own lively-hood, being one whoſe godlineſs conſiſts onely in gain. Indeed, whatſoever ſwam at the top, ſuch was the foul and fæculent bottom of that gilded and ſpecious deſign. For now, like a very Tyrant or a Tyger, though he have not wherewith to nouriſh their ſouls, yet he will enforce them to cheriſh his body; like a barking Cur ſnarling at the detainers, though but of Mint and Cumin, and ſcouring his foul mouth upon them in ſuch a ſort of ſilly quibling nicknames, as ſhall ſooner render himſelf then them ridiculous to all that truly know both: whilſt the ſpiteful wretch may juſtly laugh at his own folly for thinking to fright men with ſuch childiſh ſcare-crows; and by that old brawling whores

Afterwards at *Mynſter*.

His pranks there.

whores trick, (which using so much thither, he learned at *Billings-gate*) of calling *Whore* first, discovers one other of those arts whereof he is truly Master: the grand Persecutor of *Kent* and Christendom crying out of persecution; and thinking to make it visible to all the world by a false, flattering and partial *Looking-glass*: which notwithstanding is not so impenetrable but that a weak sight may look quite through it, or but turning to ther side, plainly see that *Catilina Cethegum*, that 'tis the Wolf complains of worrying by the Sheep, the Lion by the Lambe, the Vulture by the Dove: But he who hath least cause is most forward to complain, and however enamour'd of himself, is indeed a fouler, uglier and much more odious Persecutor (both of Pastor and People) then any mirror can fully represent.

6 To proceed, *Mynster* he gapes for, and *Mynster* he gets: and behold now *the strong man is in possession*, and yet without that mutual *honey-love* between Minister and People, which of him in that case is observed, (p. 26.) nay, with so much of (what he well deserv'd) ill will and odium of all the Parish, (who were not such arrant Asses as willingly to suffer such a fool to ride them: or tamely to submit their necks to such a Swine-heards *Hogs-yoak*, p. 2.) that, for preventing the *Canterbury* Bonfires, (as a better argument for keeping him in, then any from his own worth and merit) he escapes an Ejection by the Assembly of Divines, (p. 11.) (and is so abetted by another Assembly, as that finding

ding him ſo happy and dextrous at ſaving of ſouls at home, hir is ſent on the ſame errand abroad. And becauſe he cannot get his neighbouring Miniſters good will to aſſociate with them in their *Margate* Lecture (where they knew him ſo ill beloved, as he could neither do them any credit, nor the people any good) he by high and ſtrong hand obtrudes himſelf, (p. 13.) but with ſo much diſtaſt both to Miniſters and people, that to ſave his pains, and their patience in hearkening to ſuch an impertinent babler, the Lecture falls.

An intruſion at *Margate*.

7. So that thus repulſed, home again he comes, where following his Barn more then his Book, his Tith on the week-day cloſer then his Text on the Lords; he hath not time enough in the day, but borrows a part of a Moon-light night (the more proper ſeaſon for a deed of darkneſs, and wherein, whilſt true men ſleep, thieves and robbers play their pranks) to ſteal up into the Steeple, (p. 14.) and being by (that Prince of darkneſs) the Devils help placed on the Pinnacle of it, he ſoon rewards him for his pains, by caſting down, not the Pariſh true eye-ſore, himſelf, but that Deviliſh eye-ſore (the Church and Chriſtians ancient badge and banner) the *Croſs*.

Set by the D. on a Pinnacle of the Temple.

8. Now could the Pariſh have been as ſoon to rid of their Croſs, which but that you would think I meant himſelf, I would call a worſe, the Bells, to which we are now making, ſhould not I conceive have been ſo ſpeechleſs as it ſeems they were, (p. 27.) when but for his *Wives great*

iron pestle, he means (as Fools have good tooles) his own great swinging pisle, they had been as mute and silent there, as the good people endeavoured to make him be below, when they put him to get in like a thief (as he was) by a (shitten) window, and rewarded some of his very little flock with a foul stile without, and others with a filthy pew within, and yet (what say they?) good enough for such as could find in their hearts to go a calving, and lend their ears to such a bleating Bell-weather; such a mercenary *Balaam*, as he where ere he comes is held no better; and particularly with his very testimonialists at *Canterbury*, (p. 8.) who long ere this finding themselves mistaken in countenancing a ravenous Wolfe under a sheeps skin, are no less ashamed of him, then he is proud of them, wishing (many of them) they had not so much cause with just regret to say, *Litera scripta manet*.

Thumping the clapperless Bels with his P.

9. Well, but to *Canterbury* we have brought him, where for a while we shall leave him, playing the Pulpiteer, but preaching, as at home, in a manner to those walls which can hardly hold any auditors but such as are surprized by being not aware of his turn: the people there generally abhorring such an accursed instrument of the barbarous spoyle, and beastly profanation of that most incomparable ornament of the place and Nation, their once flourishing, now (thank the Devil and *Dick*) fading, falling Cathedral: and watching an opportunity for a full revenge upon that impious *Herostratus*, no marvel if he found it better playing the *Plum-por-*

Preaching to the walls.

Dick a plum-porridge Priest

ridge Priest, (p. 30.) and filling his paunch as he did with a first and second mess of good stew'd broth, and a Nativity-pye in Mr. *Philips* Parlor on a Christmas-day (p. 29.) without the least scandal or scruple of conscience upon the account of superstition, nay with thanks and approbation as (*in terminis*) very seasonable fare; then adventuring his person among the inraged Christmas-men, who perhaps might have thoughts of such suitable wages for his not forgotten, though unrewarded impious Church-work, not to be expiated by his many vaunted *good-works*, (p. 30.) as that kind of advancement he speaks of, but with a shorter ladder I believe then served his turn there, and a rope not so misplac't as then.

Playing the Otter.

10. Thus indeed they had saved his pains in swimming and diving, as shortly after, to get to *Sandwich*, (p. 31, 32.) from whence acted and affrighted as much, if not more, by that *Nemesis à tergo*, his own guilt, then others malice, he trots to *Deale*, where we must imagine him taking Sanctuary in his Cosen *Culmers* chimney corner, and there entertaining mine Host and his family with a Winters tale, or a Tragick-comædy of his hard, but happy escape; as lately from the Gallows, so now from the Billows, from hanging at one time, and drowning at another: and in a woful manner recounting a deal of other such pittiful stuff and stories of his heavy persecutions, as set his tender-hearted Host a weeping, until at length out comes the tale of a *Turd*, the beshitten stile and pew, when presently the scene alters, the *Heraclitus*

Preaching in a chimney corner.

turns.

turns *Democritus*, mine Hoſt now laughs as heartily as he wept before, and doubtleſs becomes a ſuter to his gueſt (for the honour of their name and family) by ſome godly book or ballad, to give the world an account (as now he hath done in his Martyrological Apology) of all his ſad diſaſters, and wounderful deliverances. The contents of which rare Maſter-piece, eſpecially in the 29 page, as it makes me call to mind the ſtory of *A-JAX*, ſo that part of it conſidered and compared with the precedent, full of lamentable and tragical tales, hardly to be read by any but Stoicks or ſtocks with dry eyes, puts me alſo in mind of ſuch another Preacher as the Author, the famous *Scogan*, who with his forrowful face, ſet one part of his Auditory on weeping, and with his open A--- at the ſame inſtant ſet the other on laughing. *Scogans* Ape.

11. But to return to our Pilgrim, who (to eaſe the Land a while of her unprofitable burthen) puts to Sea, and ſafely gets to *London*, (p. 32.) whither if we follow him, we may finde him, after a ſad rehearſal Sermon of his many ſufferings for the cauſe (wherein he ſpeaks righter then he is aware, having ever given a very juſt cauſe for all his ſufferings:) and a uſe of exhortation to the Brethren at *Berdmondſey* to pitty his caſe, but eſpecially to reſent the foul abuſe and beaſtly affront offered to a neighbour of theirs, a *London* Dame (p. 29.) to the ſpoyling of her ſattin peticoat and her devotion to boot, (whereof he gave them ſuch a ſweet relation as would not out of their noſtrils a Prating at *Berdmondſey*.

good

good while after:) he takes his leave of them to go tell the same story (*decies repetita placebit*) to the Army, under whose protection he makes a cowardly retreat by the way of *Wp.* (p. 32.) where (as his manner is throughout the whole Pamphlet, or rather Pasquil, being stuff'd with nothing more then base invectives on the living and bitter censures on the dead, all whose sufferings, as if of the Cabinet counsel with God himself, he ascribes to a just judgement from that divine hand upon them for persecuting such a darling of Heaven, as he by his false *Looking-glass* endeavours to appear:) he so insults over a dead Lion, a valiant but unfortunate Gentleman, that I cannot but wonder at the surviving brother, that with patience and silence he can put up and passe over so great an indignity offered to his brothers memory: how he can forbear to cast stones at his pate that shall thus cast dirt in his brothers face; an impiety abhorred even of Heathens, and deserving Scorpions or the lash of some outragious fury to chastise it.

Railing on the living, and rashly censuring the dead.

De mortuis nil nisi bona.

12. But hoping on this hint (though some say his mouth is stopped, and his hand stayed, with a book) he may be rouzed to do his brother, and therein himself right; I shall leave him, and return to that snarling *Cerberus*, who at length once more recovers his kennel. But expect his long resting there we may not: for like a Knight errant, or a more arrant *Non-Resident* then any against whom he clamours, (p. 26.) a meer *wandering Levitical Renegado*, (p. 37.) he is continually in motion, once a week

Dick a Non-Resident.

week at least, measuring the distance between *East-Mynster* and *West-Mynster*, and out of a penurious baseness seldome or never passing between *London* and *Gravesend* but by the common Tilt-boat, amongst his Peers, I confess, tag, rag & bobtail, a rabble of sordid, nasty, lousie people: & yet somtimes so invisibly by lodging and laying himself up, or rather down, under the benches on purpose to avoid the water-mens *persecution* for his six penny fare, that he is fain either to be kickt up like a dog, or, as once at *Canterbury-School*, drawn out by the heels, to the wonder of his fellow-passengers, but not of the watermen, which have been accustomed to his hiding-fox tricks.

Persecuted by the watermen.

13. But he is by this time on shore, and being gotten to the Exchequer, (p. 33.) is there preferring (what alas he cannot do in the *Ecclesiastical Courts*, which, to the great prejudice of such *faithful Ministers*, were unluckily abolished, p. 2.) a Lye-bill against some of his Persecutors, that is, the detainers of those Tithes whereof (as they are a sort of knowing men, and withal of more conscience then himself) they know him to be a meer Usurper, and not lesse out in calling himself their Pastor, then he was erewhile in saying that *Pontius* was the Christian name of *Pilate*, (p. 34.) Indeed admit this, (that he is of right the parish Minister of *Mynster*) and then what he sayes is somewhat: but if on the contrary *de facto* only, he thrusts his sickle into anothers harvest: or, admitting the Living to be void, if such a one obtrude himself upon the

Very sensible of the want of the Eccles. Court.

Not rightful Minister of *Mynster*.

the people, that is so notoriously unworthy as to become the odium and out-cast of all places; not one, but all, both places and persons, where he is known, rising up and bandying themselves against him, either to keep him out, and stave him off that he come not in, or if gotten in, being ever restless, and never at quiet till he be spewed out: if such a one as he, so foully scandalous for his life, (by many strange *piacula* appearing by this Counter-mirror *) and such an *Ignoramus* for his learning, (if he will be judged by his own book) as utterly unable to return them, *Quid pro quo*, a recompence in teaching for his maintenance in Tithes; if such a one, I say, shall call and hold himself to be the Minister of *Mynster*, as it is no other then *petitio principii*, a craving to have that yielded which until it be proved ought not to be admitted: so if on that account the people shall withhold their Tithes, and be worried and hurried up and down for it by such a Priest, let equal Judges say, which of the two, is the Persecutor.

* Whereof much more in the Antidote, throughout.

14. But whatever he be, we must remember where we last left him, and that was at the Exchequer, where it may be doubted he found but cold entertainment, for we shall have him next not much rejoycing, though warming himself at a Bonfire (p. 36.) and for his Readers recreation (that hath quite tired his eyes with poaring so long upon a dull and dusty *Looking-glass*) rewarding his patience, and pleasing his ear another while with a piece of *Thanet* Poetry;

a Ballad of *Jack Benet*. But (as there are two of the name) he ſayes not which: I ſhall therefore, to prevent a miſtake of the wrong for the right, adventure alſo on a few rimes in behalf of the true. *Dick* turned Ballad-ſinger.

A word with thee Jack Benet,
And, c'auſe thou liv'ſt in Tenet,
Pray tell thy neighbour Dick
Of his unhandſome trick,
To bring thee on the ſtage
In this beſpattering age.
For ſome that knew old Dick,
And how he uſ'd his P——
Say all his brats were not
Upon his Wife begot:
But that the luſty blade
Got up and did his Maid,
Who fructify'd, and what?
A wench the Knave begat.
This Wench they ſay in Tenet
Was married to Jack Benet.
Now was't not baſely done
Of old Dick Culmers *Son*
Thy name, good Jack, *to mention*
Without the leaſt diſtinction,
As if thou wert the man?
And (ſhall I tell thee John?)
What ſay the men of Tenet?
This ſure is that Jack Benet
Who knit the nuptial knot
With Culmers *baſtard brat.*
Then Jack *for vindication*
Of this baſe imputation
Upon thy vertuous Wife
Of ſpotleſs birth and life,
Or get thy name ſtruck out,
Or make that fumbling Lout
Explain himſelf, and ſay:
Miſtake me not I pray,
This Jack *is not the Gull*
That took to Wife the Trull,
(Undone if he had miſt her)
Repent, *my baſtard-ſiſter.*
Thus ſhall thy wife, Jack Benet,
Throughout the Ile of Tenet
Be clear'd, who elſe (alas!)
Will for that Whores-bird paſs.

But our Ballad-ſinger (who is very fugitive, and never ſtayes long at a place) having ſung out his ſong, and turn'd over a new leaf, (p. 37.) is gotten to *Billings-gate*, where (as Ballad-mongers are) being taken for a rogue and a vagrant, he hath much ado to eſcape (what by good hap a *Scribe* at hand was ready to write)

a *Mittimus* from thence to (a fit cage for such birds as Ballad-makers to ſing in) *Newgate*. But his time is not yet come, though in good time it may, notwithſtanding his many teſtimonials from ſeveral places, which are now no better then ſo many old Almanacks, out of date, and which indeed, in moſt mens judgement, are but the products either of fear or flattery: ſome of the ſubſcribers out of fear of his diſpleaſure, *ne noceat*, (as the Indians worſhip the Devil:) others out of flattery, and a ſeeming compliance with ſuch an active Zealot for the *Cauſe*, none out of love holding forth a hand to him, but many (as once his *Beſt* friend, or friend *Beſt*) out of hatred, to cuff his ears and cudgel his coat.

Like to be ſent to *Newgate*.

16. But ſee he is gotten back to *Mynſter*, (p. 39.) where we ſhall leave him making of *Looking-glaſſes*, and ſaving the ſouls of as many as will pay him, which he hath taken a courſe ſhall be but few, by making it a certain note, or *a ſure ſign of a good Miniſter* (p. 37.) to be oppoſed by all his Pariſh. And thus, like a learned Diſputant, hath he brought himſelf into a very fine *Dilemma*. For either the people muſt keep their money, or elſe the Prieſt muſt loſe his credit: a very good hint to the whole Pariſh to have a care of avoiding that proverbe: *A Fool and his money are ſoon parted.*

Turn'd Looking-glaſs maker.

Taken in a *Dilemma*.

17. And thus much have you of the life of this *faithful Miniſter*, which is as much as the *Looking-glaſs* affords. If you want more, you muſt have patience with me until further inabled by ſuch another *Mirror*; which, this going off ſo wel,

The Concluſion.

well, we have all reaſon ſhortly to expect, if we may be ſo happy hereafter as heretofore, that neither hanging at land, nor drowning at Sea deprive us of the Crafts-mans: which whoſo does not deprecate, let him be condemn'd to fire and faggot, being made to contribute his ſhare of both to that common pile, whereof no doubt both at *Canterbury* and *Munſter*, there will be need enough for drying up that Ocean of tears which me thinks I ſee guſhing from the eyes of a multitude of mourners greedily aſſembling to condole the loſs of ſo univerſal a *Darling*, and with joined hands throwing themſelves in a round about the flaming pile, and ejaculating this doleful Dirge and Ditty:

O what a loſs have we, Sirs,
O what a loſs have we, Sirs!
O hone, O hone,
Blew Dick *is gone:*
Then what a loſs have we Sirs!

So true (alas) is that, Sirs,
So true (alas) is that, Sirs,
The choiceſt flowers,
Live ſeweſt hours,
So true (alas) is that Sirs.

He Looking-glaſſes *made, Sirs,*
He Looking-glaſſes *made, Sirs,*
Cathedral Lyes,
With Hues and Cryes,
O 'twas a Clerk-like trade, Sirs.

But now the workman's gon, Sirs,
But now the workman's gon, Sirs,
His wages he
Receives, but we
Are quite and clean undone Sirs.

But bootleſs 'tis to grieve, Sirs,
But bootleſs 'tis to grieve, Sirs,
What's paſt, in vain
We call again:
Then bootleſs 'tis to grieve, Sirs.

If you'l be rul'd by me, Sirs,
If you'l be rul'd by me, Sirs,
Let ſorrows pack,
Drown Cares in Sack,
If you'l be rul'd by me, Sirs.

Clear up the brow, cheer up, Sirs,
Clear up the brow, cheer up, Sirs,
What ere his hiew,
Bid Dick *adieu,*
And let's have t'other cup, Sirs.

And change the Note, and ſing Sirs,
Till Heav'n with Eccho's ring Sirs:
Nor ſigh, nor groan,
Nor cry O hone,
But Jo Pæan *ſing Sirs.*

Summa approbationis.

Having perused the Mirror *and* Counter-mirror, *and finding the former a very* ARSificial *piece, by reason of the* PURE STYLE *affording very sweet and fragrant flowers, fit to dress up the* PRIVY-chamber: *and yet fearing some directions may be wanting for gathering a Posie of them wherewith this* Counter-mirror *is pertinently fraught, I cannot but give it a free Licence; wishing all* beholders *to join with me in a due estimate of both; at least, not to neglect the good help of the latter, for discovering the* NECESSARY *use of the former.*

Philo-katoptrono-klastes.

10 JY 57

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